AMELIA AND AUGUSTUS.

BY LARRY LINNET.

AMELIA is as neat and trim
As maiden well can be;
In private she is thirty-one,
In public, twenty-three.

She wears a jaunty sailor hat,
Well back upon her head,
While underneath hang pretty curls—
Mohair, I've heard it said.

The village folk are wont to say—
Of course in undertones—
That "she would be quite nice and stout.
If 'twasn't for her bones."

She is five feet eight inches tall,
And weighs one hundred pounds;
A poodle waddles in her wake
While on her shopping rounds.

Augustus is a dainty dude,
Whose bank account is cheek,
With small conceits displayed at large
On five big dollars to each week.

His height is not above five feet,
And yet with silly pride,
He thinks himself a giant quite
With Amelia by his side.

They ramble through the city parks,
A picture strange to see;
She is so lank and straight and tall,
So small and thin is he.

They may get married some fine day,
And if they do, 'tis plain,
That when Amelia's tantrums come,
She'll use him for a cane!

ON THE PLAINS.

BY FRED J. HAMILTON.

An accident had happened on the night express train coming into Buffalo, and a good many of the boys who were going west were compelled to stay over. I suppose there were a dozen or so who had assembled in the hotel parlor, and among them "Old Tom" Gregg. Everybody knows Tommy Gregg, who is one of the veteran drummers in the clothing trade. Tom is pretty well in years now, and although fairly well off he has never been married. He still sticks to the road with the pertinacity of a knight errant, for the simple reason that he can't leave it alone.

Whenever Tommy is asked how long he has been a drummer he says ever since he was born—for he asserts that he first saw the light in a traveler's trunk on the St. Joe (Mo.) and Hannibal Railroad. He says this with so serious an air that you can't tell whether he is in dead earnest or is joking.

Be that as it may, Tommy was the life of the party, and the accident suggested the recital of several experiences under somewhat similar circumstances. Short and interesting stories were told of how several of the smart young men had got ahead of time even under more trying circumstances than a commonplace railroad collision.

One reminiscence brought up another, and then Tom was asked to give his experience. The old fellow, for he must be well into the fifties, took a drink, laid down his cigar, and said:

"Well, boys, I've told many yarns in my day, but there's one subject upon which I have purposely kept silent. I think it is now about time to 'let her go;' but why I have kept silent is because I have been somewhat nervous about its moral effect, that is to say, that I was a little afraid I should be set down as the darndest liar in the business—not even excepting Dick Chapman yonder, who at present holds the champion's belt for knocking out the truth."

"Well, Tommy, you go ahead," remarked Ed Green, who is in the suspender, or, as he calls it, the "stretcher" trade, "and if you can discount Chapman, you must be a daisy indeed!"

Chapman said he had nothing to say, and even if he had it was too late to get a notary public to swear him on his affidavit.

"But this yarn is true, boys," responded Gregg, earnestly, "and that's why I'm shaky on the credit you'll give it. Here goes, anyway:

"It was in the year 1867. I was commissioned by a St. Louis house to take charge of a wagon train, consisting of four wagons with a four-mule team to each, to carry a general cargo of clothing and furnishings to several sutler posts along the dry trail of the Arkansas River, taking in the military posts betweens Fort Hays, Kansas and Fort Union, New Mexico. It was a rough job, but there was lots of money in it both for the firm and myself, for I had the privilege of buying all the buffalo robes I could get on my return journey, and for a cup of molasses, a few beads and tobacco, I could buy from the Indians and the soldiers for a mere song No. 1 robes beautifully embroidered with bead-work that would sell readily in St. Louis at from $9 to $12 apiece—goods for which the buyers could easily get double the money.

"The firm had given me a letter to the Deputy Quartermaster General of the Department of the Missouri, which was then commanded by Gen. Hancock, who had his headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, requesting that I be furnished with such military protection as the rules of the service allowed. The goods were sent by rail to Leavenworth, where I was to hire my wagons, mules, and drivers, and buy one or two serviceable repeating rifles for additional security.

"The venture was then a new one, and few firms except government contractors, sent their goods out in that way. The general rule was for remote frontier customers to come into St. Louis to buy them and cart them back at their own risk.

"The experience was exciting and fascinated me, for I was then a young fellow, robust, full of energy, and the opportunity promised me not only plenty of excitement but lots of profit as well.

"General Easton, the deputy Quartermaster General, indorsed my application, and said I probably wouldn't need it until I reached Fort Hays, near Hays City, at that time the terminus of the Eastern Division of the Union Pacific Railroad.

"Much to my annoyance most of my teamsters were 'greasers' (Mexicans), of whom I engaged four, and two white men. The Mexicans wanted to get back, and I thought it might save a little money by hiring them. The two white wagon bosses wouldn't move under $75 per month and rations. To these terms I was compelled to assent.

"Well, we got our train into pretty good shape and reached Hays City, about three miles from the fort, in as many days. After that we struck Ellsworth City, one of those portable settlements composed principally of traders, toughs, saloon-keepers, and a dozen 'emporiums of fashion' patronized by the frontier dudes of those times.

"They mentally overhauled my stock and fixin's, and said I'd have no trouble in getting them off my hands, 'provided I had a clar route,' which meant if I hadn't trouble with the Indians. Then I presented my letter to the commanding officer at Fort Hays and got my first set-back.

"He said he hadn't any cavalrymen to spare, as the service needed all the force he had, but if I didn't mind taking along two infantrymen who had charge of a deserter they would give me their services until I got to the next post at Monument Station, twelve miles away. I consented and it took us two days to make those twelve miles and most of the time the soldiers and their prisoner were soaked with liquor. However, they were tolerably good-natured over their tin cups, and no harm came of it. On approaching Monument Station, which was under a bluff, we came across a coil of about thirty rattlesnakes partially embedded in the soil, where they had hidden for warmth, for it was in the month of November and bitterly cold. They were partially torpid, but those which were in the inner coil slowly unwound themselves on our approach.

"We fired several shots into them, and the result was that sections of rattlesnake were sent flying in all directions. The frozen and exposed reptiles were broken in two just as though you were splitting dry wood for kindling. It was the most curious sight you ever saw, and not without its comical side, too."

"Serio-comic," chimed in Ed Green. "That's knock-down No. 1 for Chapman, anyway."

"Well, if you fellers never saw a frozen rattlesnake that isn't my fault," replied Gregg. "But as I'm telling this story, and not you, I'll take the responsibility for accuracy. Monument Station was a one-horse post, consisting mainly of adobe shanties half dug in the ground. I did a little business with the sutler, but I got no escort. We stayed there one night. It was here I got my first wrinkle in camp life on the plains. Before leaving one of the officers asked if I had a good tent. I said yes, but wondered what earthly use a tent would be at such a time of the year. He replied that if I didn't want to freeze to death I shouldn't attempt to sleep in the wagon, as, being new to the country, the exposure would affect me more rapidly than one who was acclimated.

"This was his advice: 'I've tried it,' he said, 'and I know what I'm talking about. Get your tent out; pitch it in front of your fire, say twelve feet away. Then should it snow, get one of your teamsters to dig a small trench about six inches deep, put a couple of buffalo robes in it, lie down and have your men pack the snow tightly around the outer robe above you; crawl in and you'll sleep as sound as a top. You'll find it a big improvement on the wagon bed-room and you'll not catch cold so readily. You will have in addition what heat your feet can get from the fire and you will be able to arouse yourself much sooner in case of a surprise.'

"I tried it a dozen times or more, and have always found it work like a charm. I never got frost-bitten, nor have I had chills or fever, which so many people get in their first experience of life on the plains.

"To make a long story short, however, my venture proved remarkably successful. I visited Forts Hays, Harker, Zarah, Larned, and Fort Dodge. There was no such place as Dodge City in those days. I had sold three-fourths of my stock, and had had one or two skirmishes with Indians, but, fortunately, the four soldiers and a corporal who had been sent from Harker aided me materially in keeping them at a safe distance.

"My next stopping place was at Fort Union, N. M. I had been out about two days when my little party was surrounded by a gang of horse thieves, of whom there were a dozen, against myself and my six men. The Mexicans, with but one exception, turned cowards. The time of attack was about sunrise, and at first I thought they were Indians. Presently I recognized they were white men. Following the Indian fashion, they succeeded in stampeding the mules, after cutting the traces of the harness. Our attention was principally directed to the mules, which then formed the most valuable part of our outfit.

"One of my white teamsters was shot through the right arm, which bled so copiously that I thought he was a goner. Placing a white handkerchief on the barrel of my rifle I signaled for a parley.

"The leader lowered his weapon and came forward, as splendid a physical specimen of a man as I had ever seen.

"'Wot goods 'ave you got thar?'

"I told him that I had a small stock of woolen shirts, drawers, and the usual kind of clothing worn on the plains.

"'We heerd tell,' he said, 'as you was in this section hereabouts, an' we want some o' them clothes, an' if yer don't part civil we'll make yer.'

"Of course I had to let him take his choice. Then at a signal five of his men covered us with their rifles while the rest went to the wagon in which the goods were, cut the bales and proceeded to help themselves, trying on the garments and leaving their discarded clothing in the wagon. This occupied not more than half an hour, and then the five men were relieved and they took their turn at dressing up in new toggery. Before saying good-by the leader said: 'That man's arm,' referring to the wounded teamster, 'is in a bad way. Guess if yer come to my 'oss (picketed about fifty away with the others) I've got summat in my saddle bag as 'll do him good.' I was struck by the man's evident sincerity and accepted his offer of a small bundle of herbs. I used it with great advantage to the poor fellow, for it allayed the inflammation. Judging by the condition of the clothes they had left they sadly needed a change of raiment. But the strangest part of the story is yet to come, for sewed up in the lining of an old vest, I found a small parcel containing nine diamonds and about four ounces of gold dust. The man had forgotten to take them in his hurry to get away. Well, gentlemen, those diamonds more than paid for the value of the stolen goods.

"The party were thorough desperadoes, and was composed, as I afterward learned, of deserters and miners who were wanted by the vigilantes in Colorado and New Mexico.

"The mules returned—mules, by the way, always return to a good thing—and soon after we were met by a troop of the Tenth United States Cavalry, a portion of which escorted us safely into Fort Union."

"Well, and how much did you get for the diamonds, Tommy?" asked Chapman.

"Exactly $722."

"Seems strange to me that they didn't go for your money. That's the only suspicious omission in the story," observed Ed. Green.

"It wouldn't have done 'em any good, because it was all in checks on the United States Depository at Leavenworth, and they couldn't have cashed them. Any more questions, gentlemen?"—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

LOUISA M. ALCOTT received about $100,000 from her literary productions. In a note to a friend, she said: "I am told I must spend another year in this 'Saint's Rest,' and then I am promised twenty years of health. I do not want so many, and I have no idea I shall see them. But as I don't live for myself I will live on for others." These are doubtless the last words she ever wrote.

THE *Electrical Review* says that the lightning rod is a relic of superstition, and that the day will come when a lightning rod on a house will be regarded in the same light as a horse shoe over a door.

TWO OLD-TIME STATESMEN.

Hamilton Fish and John Bigelow as Seen in Their Retirement.

There are two retired statesmen of the old school yet living in this city who are rarely before the public nowadays, but who are occasionally to be met with in the society of fortune and fashion. I refer to Hamilton Fish, who is a Republican, and John Bigelow, who is a Democrat. You may see Mr. Fish on Sunday at St. Mark's Episcopal Church, of which he is one of the pillars, and you may happen to see Mr. Bigelow at Rev. Mr. Seward's Swedenborgian Church, in the doctrines of which he is a believer. Both of these ancient statesmen are wealthy, but both have heirs with political proclivities and both are enriched with two generations of posterity. Both of them, in addition to their city establishments, have estates on the Hudson—Mr. Bigelow's being adjacent to West Point and Mr. Fish's just opposite to it on the other side of the river.

Hamilton Fish, who is now an octogenarian, was Governor of the State of New York forty years ago, and was a member of Congress eight years before that time. His last public service was as a member of President Grant's Cabinet, in which he held the office of Secretary of State for both of Grant's terms, and as such negotiated the treaty of Washington. In looking at the venerable Mr. Fish, who appears hale as he takes an airing on Second avenue, near his residence in Seventeenth street, one's memories are carried back to the early time of our Republic, in the establishment of which his father rendered distinguished service as a Colonel in the Revolutionary army under George Washington. Mr. Fish is yet full of the reminiscences of those days which clustered around his father's fireside, and they seem as fresh to him as when he heard them in the little city of New York in the early years of the century. The aged statesman suffered a heavy shock a few months ago in the death of his wife, an event which occurred soon after the celebration of their golden wedding, in the company of twenty-three of their children and grandchildren. He is a mellow old gentleman, full of dignity, and not destitute of geniality.

John Bigelow is a septuagenarian, having passed the three-score-and-ten mile-stone a few days ago. But he is yet very fresh in spirit, and it is not hard to induce him to take his alpenstock and join you in climbing the mountain ridges that rise over his estate on the Hudson. It is between forty and fifty years since he first held office under the State government; his most important public service was rendered as Minister to France about the close of the war, though, after that time, when his friend, Samuel J. Tilden, was Governor of New York, he held the place of Secretary of State at Albany. Mr. Bigelow is a man of great literary ability; he passed many years of his life in New York journalism, and his name is on the title-page of half a dozen books, not the least valuable of which is the "Life of Benjamin Franklin," in three volumes. His four daughters are as famous for their beauty and accomplishments as his wife was in other days.

It is pleasant in the hurly-burly of the city to meet two such dignified statesmen of the olden times as John Bigelow and Hamilton Fish.—*John Swinton's New York letter.*

Eating in Olden Times.

It was late in the fourteenth century when the first evidences of art in the shape of silver cups were noticeable on the buffet, says the *Woman's World.* The dishes were made of pewter or wood, and spoons of bone, wood, or silver. Knives were rare, and on that account guests invited to feasts carried their own knives. Forks came in general use still later, and for long years after their introduction they were considered ridiculous affectation and foppery, and not nearly so convenient as one's own fingers. The lord and his lady dipped their fingers into the same plate and sipped their wine from the same cup. Even the queenly Elizabeth, with all her elaborate ideas of etiquette, was content to carry her food to her mouth with her fingers, and at first despised the newly invented fork as unseemly and awkward.

Very gradually the dining-hall grew in comfort and splendor. Dishes of gold and silver were made, and so eager were the nobles for them that they would sacrifice anything to possess them. The salt cellar was for a long time the article of highest importance on the board. It was a great affair, and stood directly in the center of the table; it was the dividing line; the nobles were seated above the salt, the commoners below; hence grew the proverb, "Below the salt." The passing of salt was a ceremonious custom, the guest throwing a pinch over his left shoulder and murmuring a blessing.

The salt cellars were of the most curious devices. Sometimes they represented huge animals, sometimes a great full-blown flower on a long, slender stem, and they were in the shape of a chariot, mounted on four wheels, on which they were easily run down the table.

The first glass cups came from Venice during the sixteenth century, and from that time on society began to lose many of its primitive ways, and become, in a sense, more refined.

Henry VIII. was born with luxurious tastes; he had his banquet chairs supplied with velvet cushions, and about this time the parlor or "talking room" as it was called, was introduced; and here the dames took refuge when the dinner advanced beyond prudent limits, as it invariably did before the finish.

The cook that presided over the kitchen in those days was not the counterpart of our nineteenth century Bridget, but he was an artist, and generally a man of quality. The ladies of the household, even those of noble birth, attended to many domestic duties, making the bread, preserving the fruits, while to understand the proper use of starch was considered a great accomplishment.

THERE is a young man in Baltimore who has proposed and been rejected nineteen times. Leap year has no terrors for him.

Some Virginia Yarns.

In the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia, after the war, story-telling was the one feast of reason and intellectual pastime. The mountaineers were never an educated race. During the period of the rebellion they were cut off entirely from all newspapers, books, and periodicals. They knew absolutely nothing of what was going on in the world. They lived in a little circle by themselves. When they got together the man who could tell the best story was the acknowledged leader. Wit was cultivated by personal encounter in the country store, in the tavern bar-room, and before the great fireplaces in the cabins. One of the characters of the decade after the war, about whom West Virginians occasionally talk, was a certain Capt. Mosier. His fund of stories never ran out. A friend said to him: "Captain, if you were educated you would be a big man." Said the Captain: "Yes, and if I had lived in deep water I would have been a whale."

The story is told of Capt. Mosier that on one occasion he had been imbibing at the country tavern to an extent that gave unsteadiness to his locomotion. It was a stormy night, and a terrible thunder-shower was in progress as he started for home. His pathway lay up the mountain and across a deep gorge, over a slender bridge, beneath which ran a turbulent mountain stream, swollen by the falling rain. The Captain had struggled along to this with difficulty. When he reached the bridge he threw himself down on all fours and began to creep across the narrow structure. The flashes of lightning gave him occasional views of the path across, and he waited for these flashes before making any advances. His crossing was thus made by stages. Just after a blinding flash of lightning he lost his hold and fell into the stream. It was a terrible plunge, and his chances for life were extremely doubtful. Some of his companions who had followed him from the tavern heard his cry as he struck the water. They plunged into the gorge in spite of the danger, and found him clinging to a rock below the bridge. As they pulled him out of the water, battered, drenched, and badly scared, he gasped out a protest against the thunder-storm in these words: "Wall, if I'd a undertaken to light a gentleman home, I'd a done the job better."

About this same Captain another story is told which does not indicate that he was as valiant as he was humorous. He had enlisted in the Confederate army, and his regiment was drawn up in battle array before the advancing hosts of the Union army. The Colonel of the regiment thought it was time to make a speech, and proceeded to attempt to fire the hearts of the rank and file by addressing them something after this manner: "Fellow-soldiers of the Confederate army, the enemy are before you. The sacred homes of Virginia and the graves of your ancestors are behind you. Around your hearthstones the women and children of Virginia are praying you to be steadfast and repel the invaders. The demon horde of Northern mudsills are bearing down upon Virginia. Unless checked by your devoted and chivalrous efforts they will ravage your plantations, rob your granaries, burn your barns, and pilage your houses." When the Colonel had reached this point in his address the brave Capt. Mosier called out, as he suited his action to the words and started on a run to the rear: "If all these things are threatening my plantation, I am going right home to see about it." And he went.—*New York Tribune.*

THE MOST INTERESTING AGE IN WOMAN.

"What is the most interesting age in woman?" was a question recently discussed by an artist, an author, and a woman of society. The artist said that he did not like to paint the portait of those between the ages of 25 and 40 years. Before 25 the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope and is full of puzzling promises. At 40 years the character is formed, and the lines of the countenance are strong for the painter's study; but in intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular interest. The author differd from the artist. He liked to study women between the ages of 30 and 40. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In these years they were brighest and most interesting. The society woman thought that it was impossible to make general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age. Some are most charming at 60 years, while others have passed their prime at 20. The best answer would be that women are always beautiful to the friends that love them.

Enterprise and Industry Recognized.

Merchant (who has nabbed a suspicious character)—Ah, ha! Trying to break into my store, eh?

Enterprising Burglar — No, sir, I simply intended to smash a few panes of glass and upset things a little. I didn't intend to take a thing; I only wanted to give you a good scare.

"Pretty story! What good would scaring me do you?"

"I expected to come around to-morrow and ask for a position as night watchman."

"Young man, go home, clean yourself up, call around to-morrow morning, and I'll take you into partnership."—*Omaha World.*

COUNT HERBERT BISMARCK, the favorite son of the Iron Prince, was forced, much to his disgust, to share a sleeping compartment with a commercial traveler while journeying to Dublin by the Irish mail train. The train was crowded, and the "drummer" declined to be bought off, while the company's official intimated to the count that "he could take it or leave it."

A BATTLE IN TIPPERARY.

Some of the Uses to Which a Good Blackthorn Stick Can Be Put.

[From the London Graphic.]

It was on the Tipperary race-course, hard by the Limerick junction. As I was passing by the tents I saw two men, clutched together, issuing from a tent, not exactly fighting, but trying to fight—in grips, as we say, and very close ones, but stammering out their hoarse shibboleths. Some one rushed up and dealt one of the combatants a tremedous blow. The crowd around swiftly retreated, leaving a very wide space for the champions, who quickly gathered to the fray as if led thither by a sort of instinct. Being a non-combatant I, too, retreated as fast as I could, and, occupying a safe spot on an adjoining fence, surveyed the field of battle. By this time there were some seventy or one hundred men engaged, and all, what was most astonishing, preserving the most perfect silence. Nothing but the blows of the stick, and the "hah" with which the blows were accompanied, could be heard. Ever and anon, from the surrounding crowd some fresh warrior eager for fame, or for perhaps only to enjoy the pleasure of feeling the "crag ha'el" rising "agin" the hand, broke through, and, as it seemed to me, went straight for the nearest head. Not a cry of any sort was uttered, though some men were felled like bullocks, and sticks were broken from the violence of the blows. Relief parties from the onlooking crowd would rush out and drag some stunned man from under the feet of those who were not yet hors de combat.

The battle had raged for some ten or fifteen minutes when the cavalry, who in those days were always stationed on the Tipperary race-course, worked into the field of war, and tramping and prancing around in every direction put an end to the combat. No one was arrested. The factions had had their bit of sport and the lawyers were never a fee the richer. Had there been time and opportunity to allow for the marshaling of the factions, something like more regular warfare might have been seen. But on this occasion so far as I could judge the advice of the old dying stalwart was followed. Said the stalwart: "My son, take my stick; don't let it disgrace the man who has used it so often and with so much glory. Whenever you see a row go into it, and, once in, wherever you see a head, hit it." The old stalwart here grew faint, and the priest entering, prepared to quit the transitory scene like a good if bellicose Christian.

A properly cut blackthorn exhibits one little peculiarity known to all connoisseurs of that weapon. Its sides are adorned at intervals with little clusters of spurs or sharp points. Three such spurs go to a cluster, and your good blackthorn exhibits a fine supply of such clusters, known, I think, as "triplets." This little peculiarity of the blackthorn led once to a neat discovery in a court of justice. A countryman, whose forehead had been laid open from a blow received in the progress of a row, instituted legal proceedings against a constable as the man who had struck him. He swore straight against the constable, exhibited his wound, and firmly averred that said constable had smitten him with his baton. The Judge, contemplating the wound, shrewdly noticed at one point of the red scar the three little dents, which sufficiently establised the fact that no baton, but a blackthorn stick, had inflicted the wound. Presently another witness mounted the table and swore that the policeman never struck the fellow at all, but would vouchsafe no other information. He was there to clear the policeman—that was all. Getting up from the witness chair, he drew out from beneath the same a remarkably fine blackthorn stick, well grown and well cut, exhibiting all the interesting little natural peculiarities of that weapon, "triplets" go-leoir (Anglice galore) along its black and shining sides. A sudden thought struck the Judge. He was County Court Judge and invariably addressed as "your Honor."

"Stay, my man," said the Judge. "Was it with that stick you hit him?"

"It was, your Honor," replied the fellow, either taken off his guard by the suddenness of the question, or perhaps in a reckless outbreak of pride in self and weapon.

"And why did you hit him?"

"Ah, your Honor, sure he was very noisy and troublesome, and we didn't want to have any fighting that day for the polis was about, and I just struck him a little tap to keep him quiet, your Honor."

Warren Hastings' Cruelty.

From the collateral morsels plucked from the famished mouths of hundreds of decayed, indigent, and starving nobility, he gorged his ravenous maw with $2,000 per day for his entertainment. In the course of all this proceeding your lordships will not fail to observe he is never corrupt, but he is cruel; he never dines with comfort, but where he is sure to create a famine.

He never robs the superfluity of standing greatness; he devours the fallen, the indigent, the necessitous. His extortion is not like the generous rapacity of the princely eagle, who snatches the living, struggling prey; he is a vulture, who feeds upon the prostrate, dying, and the dead.

As his cruelty is more shocking than his corruption, so his hypocrisy has something more frightful than his cruelty; for while his bloody and rapacious hand signs proscriptions, and now sweeps away the food of the widow and the orphan, his eyes overflow with tears, and he converts the healing balm that bleeds from wounded humanity into a rancorous and deadly poison to the race of men.—*Edmund Burke.*

We Believe Him.

Dr. Elliott Coues says he has an "astral form," and can easily be in two places six thousand miles apart at the same time. We always knew that all these Theosophists had incomplete forms of this kind. That is, they are astral forms—and brains—with the "tral" left out. Still, if their bodies are not double, their language is.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Treed by a Mad Elephant.

The first elephant which charged me was the most vicious beast I ever had to deal with. I had wounded him severely one moonlight night as he stood drinking at a pool with five or six others. They all went off with a rush and I supposed my shot had failed. About 10 o'clock next forenoon, as I was beating a piece of forest fully four miles from the pool, with my boy Joe carrying an extra gun, the wounded elephant suddenly charged us up a hillside. He was not over pistol shot away, but had been so well hidden that we had not suspected his presence. He had been hit in the shoulder, and the ascent was pretty steep. But for this he would have had us. The man who would attempt to run away from an elephant on foot would be a corpse in five minutes. They have an amazing gait in the open, and their pace is scarcely impeded by any obstruction in forest or jungle. Nothing smaller than a tree the size of a man's body will turn them aside. As the beast trumpeted and started for us we both made for the nearest tree. It was a large one, with branches growing well down, but we only got one gun up and were not above fifteen feet from the ground when the elephant reached the spot. He was in a terrible rage. His first move was to break off every branch he could reach, and we were not safe until we were twenty-five feet above him. He was not over three minutes stripping off the branches, and he did not cease his trumpeting for a second.

The tree was fifty feet high and eighteen inches through the trunk. When the old fellow had everything cleared away he took hold with his trunk, got a good brace with his feet, and lifted just as a man would. I felt the tree tremble from root to top, and I have no doubt that had the monster been free of wound he would have pulled it over. As it was, he started some of the roots when he sagged back with his full weight. He made four or five heavy pulls before he gave up, and then he tried another plan. He was quite at liberty to work any way he desired, as I had a cartridge jammed in my gun and was working to get it clear. The old behemoth retreated back about ten rods and then came for the tree head on. We knew what was coming and were clinging fast and tight, but the shock nearly spilled us out. He tried it twice more and then gave it up. My extra rifle now caught his eye and he picked it up, whirled it around several times, and then smash it went against the tree, breaking it into a dozen pieces. I had got my gun clear by this time, and I now proceeded to put seven ounce bullets into him, one after the other. He screamed and trumpeted and rushed around, determined not to give up the fight, but at last grew faint and dizzy and went down on his side with a crash which made the earth shake.

An Insolent Ticket Seller.

The insolence of the ticket seller and man of cash, when he has his little mistake in making change brought to his attention, is an old topic, but the fresh instances are apt to be interesting. The listener came across a striking case the other day. A friend of his, being suddenly called to a place in Western Massachusettes, went to the depot of one of the railroads that leads out that way and bought a ticket in some haste. He gathered up his change, as there were others in line, and counted it after he had got away from the window. The fare to the place where he was going is $2.50; he had given the ticket-seller a five-dollar bill, and had received $7.50 in change! Looking at his watch he saw that he had just about time enough to fall into the line and have the mistake rectified. Making his way up to the window again, he said to the ticket-seller:

"You made a mistake just now in giving me change for a ticket to——"

The ticket-seller put on his most approved Mr. Hyde expression, and said:

"Can you read?"

"A little."

"What does it say on that sign over the window?"

The passenger looked up and read it. "Passengers will please count their change before leaving the window."

"Well," said the ticket seller, "your time to get the mistake corrected was when you bought your ticket. Now you can move along and make room."

"It's all right," said the passenger, as he moved away, "but, as you gave me $7.50 in change for a $5 bill, I thought perhaps you might like to know it. Good day."

In a moment he was out in the train room, and was just stepping on his train when the ticket-seller rushed up, hatless and breathless.

"See here," said he, "you can give that extra change here, please."

"Young man, I will give you the change," said the passenger, "because it does not belong to me; but you deserve to lose it for your insolence. Do you suppose that, if the mistake had been the other way, you would ever have run after me to correct it?"

The ticket seller made no response whatever, but pocketed his change and rushed back to the ticket office.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Origin of Leap Year.

The custom observed every fourth year of permitting the fairer sex to assume the rights and prerogatives appertaining to their brothers during the remaining three is a very ancient one. When it originated is not definitely known, but a law enacted by the Parliament of Scotland in the year 1288 is doubtless the first statutory recognition of the custom. The law was as follows: "It is statut and ordaint that during the raine of Her Maist Blissit Megestie, ilk fourth year, known as Leap Year, ilk maiden ladye of baith high and low estait shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes, albeit, gif he refuses to tak hir to be his wyfe, he shall be mulcted in ye summe of ane dundis or less, as his estait meit be, except and awis gif he can mak it it appear that he is betrothis to ane ither woman, that he then shall be free."

DARE MAY kill a cat, but a foot-jack used with proper precision is more speedy in its action.